

The 'Way Out' Magazine

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 4

38/26/34

A PARLIAMENT PUBLICATION

- THE VAMPIRE VINE
- TOPLESS TOPSY-TURVY
- ROMP AROUND THE CLOCK
- FLICKS, FLACKS AND FOOTPRINTS

ADULTS
ONLY



38-26-34

THE 'WAY OUT' MAGAZINE

VOL. 4

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"TO EACH HIS OWN," SAYS
PAULA SCHAEFFER. "SOME
PEOPLE PREFER MODERN
FURNISHINGS. I HAPPEN
TO DIG THE OUT-OF-DATE
APPROACH FOR MY PAD."

PAULA'S PASSÉ PAD








"WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO IS RECAPTURE THE CORNY BUT VERY CUTE AURA OF THE THIRTIES. I'VE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO BEFORE MY PAD LOOKS LIKE IT CAME OUT OF A 1934 JOAN CRAWFORD MOVIE, BUT I'M WORKING ON IT. RIGHT NOW, I'M SPENDING ALMOST ALL OF MY SATURDAY AFTERNOONS BROWSING THE ANTIQUE STORES AND SECONDHAND SHOPS FOR MY KIND OF DECORATIVE GOODIES."





"I GUESS I COME BY MY INTEREST IN THE THIRTIES NATURALLY ENOUGH," PAULA SAYS. "YOU SEE, MY MOTHER PLAYED A FEW BIT PARTS IN THE MOVIES DURING THAT ERA, AND SHE WAS ALWAYS TELLING ME STORIES ABOUT HER EXPERIENCES. BESIDES, I'M JUST WILD ABOUT THE DECORATIVE DOODADS OF HER TIME." PAULA'S A MODERN MISS, BUT HER HEART'S WAY BACK IN THE THIRTIES!



He brought out the knife from behind
his back and advanced on the girl.





THE VAMPIRE VINE

Andrew lavished gentle care and the tastiest of tidbits on his giant garden vine—then he found out that hell hath no fury like an ivy plant scorned!

By ADOBE JAMES

Andrew lived in his studio, atop the garage, in back of a huge desolate house that faced the sea.

The main house had remained empty—boarded up—since Margarine's disappearance some four years before.

The studio was Andrew's only home. To reach it, he had to walk through what once had been his wife's garden . . . past rose bushes that had long since gone to seed and strangled themselves on their own roots, past a couple of undernourished and decadent pyracantha bushes growing berries of such poor quality that neither bird nor bee professed an interest in them.

And then there was a patch of sunlight and a brilliant green fire—the ivy! It ran up the south side of the garage, streamed across the roof of the studio, and flowed like a sluggish jade river down the north side. The leaves were monstrous; they crowded, pushed, shoved and vied with each other to be the largest, the shiniest, the one closest to the sunlight. Some of the main creepers were the size of a man's wrist.

On the east side, streamers had grown through an old porch swing and lifted it up until now it hung askew, suspended in space about three feet from the ground.

When an offshore breeze was blowing from the southwest, the entire garage and studio looked as though it were festooned with millions of green vampire bats, all quivering their little wings as they fed at an unsuspecting host.

Ivy had slithered through the studio room itself. The creepers hung down—swaying, always in motion—like the trailing tentacles of a hungry Portuguese man-of-war. In some sections of the room, ivy was entwined on chair rungs, through bed springs, and looped around lamps. It had insinuated itself on the bookshelf, shoving off paperback novels and scholarly works as well.

When Andrew lay in bed and gazed up, he saw a solid carpet of green across the ceiling and beams.

He liked what he saw.

The ivy was his. It had always been his—ever since the day he had brought the first cutting home and

(continued on page 55)

Sheer Scamp At Camp





This is Nita Dunlop's first camping caper. It's the first time she's ever pitched a tent, chopped her own firewood, built her own campfire, washed her dishes (and herself) in a cold stream, or read by the light of a kerosene lamp. It's also the first time in her adult life that she has forgone her usual makeup routine. After a few days of camping, what are her feelings about roughing it? Nita sums up her feelings in two words: "Never again!"



FLICKS, FLACKS

In Hollywood, immortality is still a many-cemented thing.

When freewheeling Steve McQueen recently set his hand, footprints, and autograph into a block of wet cement in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, he was the 153d screen personality to go through that somewhat messy but highly significant milestone in the life of a movie star.

The cement block forecourt of the Chinese Theater reflects the history of an epoch—a kind of wide-screen version of the Dead Sea Scrolls, edited by Sheila Graham.

In some special cases, the blocks record not only the hand and footprints of the screen stars, but also the impression of their most important features or cinematic props.

For instance, the outline of one of Betty Grable's memorable legs was forever impressed into the cement on February 15, 1943, an eye-pleasing supplement to her footprints and autograph.

Long-legged, tap-dancing Eleanor Powell imprinted her heel-and toe-taps, as a token of her tip-tap-toeing screen personality. Blonde, dimpled Sonja Henie left imprints of the ice skates which helped her zoom to stardom. Gene Autry's horse, Champion, left his hoofprints, as did Roy Rogers' noble steed, Trigger.

Jimmy Durante left a nose print. Legend has it that during the imprint ceremony, Jimmy cried out, "Get me out! My nose is already two feet under!"

Tom Mix left an imprint of his self-identifying 10-gallon hat . . . Harold Lloyd immortalized his famous horn-rimmed spectacles . . . William S. Hart left an impression of

his six-shooters . . . and Al Jolson a print of his Mammy-fied knees.

Perhaps significantly, neither Mae West nor Jayne Mansfield is represented by footprints—or by prints of anything else.

June 26, 1953, was more than "a day like any other day," for on that date Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe, together, knelt down, leaned over, and pressed their hands in the wet cement to commemorate

their co-starring appearance in the movie *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Along with their prints and signatures, some of the stars added witticisms, the collective effect of which tends to emphasize the importance of a competent script writer in maintaining the Hollywood image. With concrete-heavy humor, Joan Craw-



This is Grauman's Chinese Theater on a premiere night during World War II. Because of the war, fewer spotlights than usual lighted the Hollywood sky.

AND FOOTPRINTS

ford wrote, "To Sid. May this cement our friendship." Rosalind Russell kilroyed, "Auntie Mame was here."

Humphrey Bogart, gangster-oriented by his film roles, wrote, "To Sid. May you never die till I kill you." John Wayne wrote, "Sid. There are not words enough." Suave, sophisticated William Powell descended to, "Sid old boy. I am happy to put my foot in it for you."

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, happily married to each other at the time, wrote collectively, "To Sid. We love you." A love more lasting, it is hoped, than their own.

Sophia Loren, disdaining an English language dub job, wrote, "*Solo per sempre*."

Anne Baxter, whose forecourt ceremony probably took place on one of Los Angeles' "unusual weather" days, wrote, "Dear Sid. Rain or shine, I love you." Tempestuous Pola Negri wrote dramatically, "I love your theater." Myrna Loy wrote gratefully, "To Sid, who gave me my first job." Jane Wyman, unmindful of the hordes of tourists to come, wrote, "To Sid. Just for you."

The footprint-and-signature ritual dates back to 1927, when the Oriental-motif movie showplace was built by theater impresario Sid Grauman. Grauman had already erected the Cleopatra-style Egyptian Theater on Hollywood Boulevard several years earlier.

The Egyptian Theater itself had come forth with several eye-opening innovations. According to Beth Day's book, *This Was Hollywood*, "... The Hollywood Symphony Orchestra

played at each performance. A nursery with attendants and a storyteller was provided for children. The house staff included 28 Egyptian-garbed Ladies in Waiting (more commonly called usherettes)—a notable alumna was film star Janet Gaynor as well as four lobby men and three porters (all in Egyptian garb). And on premiere nights, guards in Egyptian attire walked the lighted parapets. Gilt sphinxes

watched over the stage, and a full-sized organ was secreted in the proscenium arch . . ."

Needless to say, the Egyptian Theater was a huge success.

However, after the years he had spent in San Francisco, Sid Grauman cherished an enthusiasm for Chinese decor, and his second showplace, Grauman's Chinese Theater, gave this enthusiasm its full head.

Complementing its Chinese archi-



In 1950, John Wayne put his foot into the cement in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater. He was assisted by Sid Grauman and a lady Marine.

texture, the theater itself was decorated with authentic art objects, draperies and statues imported from the Orient.

Again quoting from *This Was Hollywood*, "The rugs were so thick 'you sank to your knees.' Full-scale wax figures in Oriental costumes, commissioned from an artist in San Francisco, turned out to be so life-like, that tourists often pinched them to see if they were real . . ." (Apparently, true Hollywoodians could tell phonies without pinching.) ". . . Handsome Oriental divans framed the proscenium until it was found necessary to remove them in order to discourage the heavy traffic of young lovers who were discovered there when the lights came on after each performance."

The true beginning of the footprint ceremony, like so many historic events, is already shrouded in legend. There are several different versions.

According to the National General Corporation, present owners of the theater, "Origin of the footprint ce-

alighted from the automobile. Immediately upon witnessing this, showman Grauman came up with the idea of also imprinting the hand and footprints of Miss Pickford, Fairbanks and Miss Talmadge—and a tradition was born. Since then, scores of brilliant stars have placed their prints and inscriptions in the forecourt."

However, *Stars on the Crosswalks*, a book by Ruth Staff Halliday, gives this version: "All these footprints came about in a most accidental fashion. Sid Grauman and C. E. Toberman were in conference while the building was under construction. When leaving, Mr. Grauman stepped outside directly into the wet concrete and was soundly berated by the workman for his stupidity. Mr. Grauman bristled and said, 'You probably do not know me. I am Sid Grauman.' But the workman refused to be chastened. 'All right,' he replied. 'If you are Sid Grauman, we'll label them,' and, taking a nail, he scratched the first name by the first footprints in the forecourt, and an idea was born."

The earlier-quoted *This Was Hol-*

being finished when a taxi pulled up in front and Grauman's famed partners in his theatrical enterprises, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Norma Talmadge, stepped out, into wet cement. While workmen yelled at them, Grauman, with instinctive showmanship, shouted them with these instructions, 'Stay where you are until you get a good print!'"

What makes this version especially interesting is the fact that Charlie Chaplin's prints are today nowhere to be found in the fancy forecourt.

The second version given in the same book has it that "The authenticated story is simply that Grauman was out at the United Artists lot and absentmindedly stepped into some wet cement in front of Mary Pickford's dressing room, saw the possibilities of the same thing as a gag for promoting his theater, and promptly invited the reigning cinema queen, Norma Talmadge, to plant the first print at his theater."

Regardless of which version you prefer, wet cement had never before had it so good.



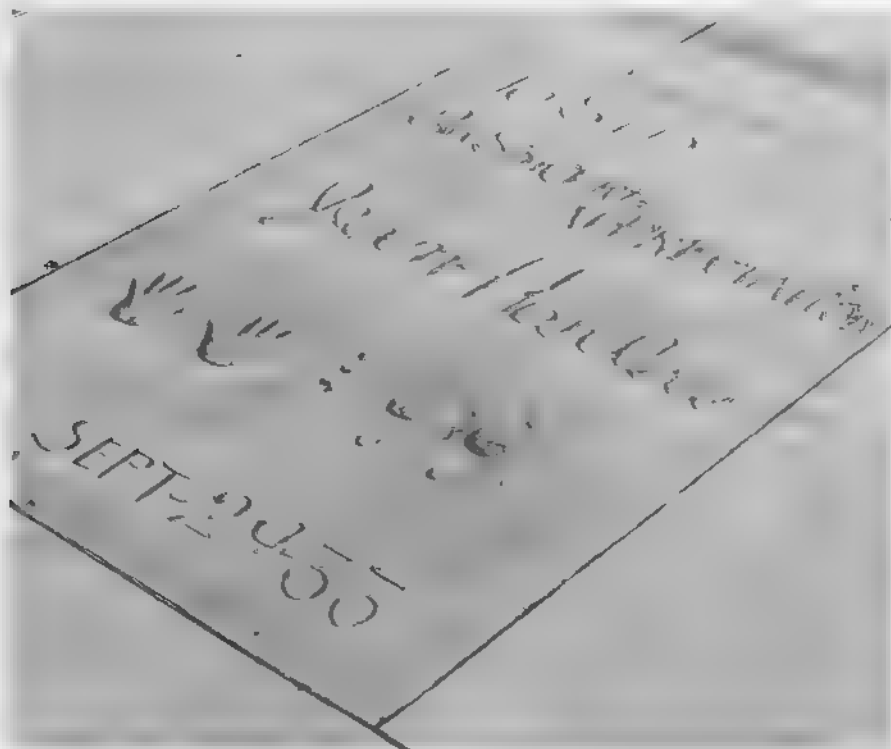
Jane Russell and the late Marilyn Monroe costarred in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, then in a spectacular double-ceremony of pressing their hands in the cement.

remories dates back to the spring of 1927, when Sid Grauman took Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Norma Talmadge to observe the building of the theater which was destined to become world famous. As they drove up to the theater, Miss Talmadge accidentally stepped into the wet cement on the curb as she

lywood comes up with a double feature—two versions for the price of one. It says, "The origin of those famous prints—which still draw an average of 30 busloads of tourists a day during Los Angeles' tourist season—comes in two versions. The livelier, although apocryphal, version has it that the Chinese was just

In the forecourt, the history of Hollywood unrolls before you, on its hands and feet. Shirley Temple's little-girl prints and handwriting . . . Freddie Bartholomew's prints when he was David Copperfield . . . John Barrymore's noble profile . . . Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson doing the bit together because they were co-starring in *Giant* . . . the prints of many stars who have already gone to that Big Box Office in the Sky—Linda Darnell, Marion Davies, Jean Harlow and others . . . and the stars who have deserted Hollywood, whose closest approach to the screen these days is their presence in the Chinese forecourt—Deanna Durbin, Bebe Daniels, Irene Dunne, Janet Gaynor, Norma Shearer, among others.

A few directors are also sprinkled among the stardust of the famous forecourt. The prints of Woody Van Dyke are there, as well as those of Cecil B. De Mille, George Stevens and Raoul Walsh. Together with Raoul Walsh's routine prints, there



Jean Harlow's imprints were made in a ceremony on the Egyptian Theater's stage, then the cement block was moved to the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater.



Actress Lana Turner has her handprint "immortalized" at the movie showplace, where Hollywood's history unrolls before the tourist, on its hands and feet.

is also an unexplained knuckle print in his space.

Unexplained, that is, until we refer once again to Beth Day's *This Was Hollywood*, which, without naming names, says, "Another celebrated imprint is that of the double fist of a prominent director. Out on location during the filming of a picture, the director was distressed to hear that the star was making passes at his wife, but, being a practical man and aware of the dollars ticking away in production costs, he waited until the film was in the can before he avenged his honor by 'knocking the bejesus' out of his star. As a reminder to other swains who might be equally tempted by his wife's charms, the director proudly planted his fist print at the Chinese."

Some interesting omissions in the forecourt present themselves to curious omission-seekers. California's senator, George Murphy, is represented there from his acting days, but California's governor, Ronald Reagan, isn't.

Dean Martin is there, but Jerry Lewis isn't.

Louella Parsons is there, but Hedda Hopper isn't.

Elizabeth Taylor is there, but Richard Burton isn't.

Sophia Loren is there, but Gina Lollobrigida isn't!

In answer to another question which may present itself to the curious-minded, the irrepressible *This Was Hollywood* whispers conspiratorially, "For the literalists who ponder how it happens that all the well-remembered names are there, while some that time may have obscured have vanished, there is a tale that in the quiet of an early morning around 2 or 3 o'clock, a slab occasionally disappears . . ."

Presumably to be replaced by a pristine cement block that's ready to be imprinted with a newer name.

No actual witnesses to such ruthless cruelty have appeared, yet how else can we explain the absence of such once-bright marquee emblazonees as Vera Hruba Ralston, Anna Sten, Helen Twelvetrees, Blanche Mehaffey, Ruby Keeler, and many, many, many others?




Loll of a Doll





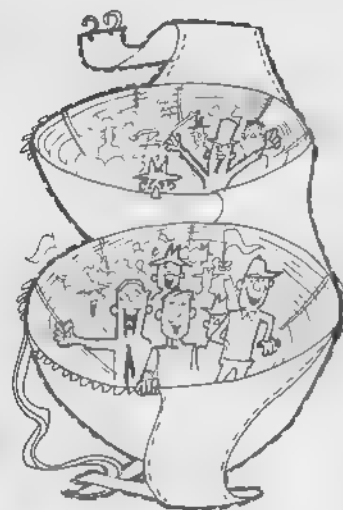
In any contest to find the world's laziest lass, bountiful blonde Effie Braxton would rank right up there with the most otiose gals on our orb. "Oh, heck, I admit it," says Effie with a great big yawn.

A black and white photograph of a woman with short, light-colored hair, sitting on a bed. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, top that is open at the shoulders. The bed has a patterned blanket or pillow visible on the left. The background is dark and out of focus.

Once Etire gets going, however, she sheds her lazy image and really has a ball. After girding up her loins for a go at a party gig, she usually remains at the fun scene till festivities end.



1D-CUP THAT CHEERS



GOOD SUGGESTION

"It's a fact, darling," the husband said, "when I shave in the morning, I feel a good 10 years younger."

After a moment of silence, his wife replied, quietly, "Why don't you try shaving at night?"

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

A bountifully endowed young doll with long tresses entered the beauty parlor in an obvious state of palpitation. She sat down in the chair and squirmed nervously as the barber sharpened his scissors.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed as he prepared to trim her hair, "I'm so afraid of barbers. Why, I think I'd rather have a baby than have a haircut."

The barber eyed her impatiently. "Well my dear, better make up your mind before I adjust the chair."

FALSE PREGNANCY

A sweet old lady visited a doctor and surprised him by saying, "Doctor, I think I'm pregnant, and I want you to verify it."

Because of the woman's advanced age, the doctor was sure she was just imagining things. But he said, soothingly, "What makes you think you're pregnant?"

"I feel life here," she said, patting her stomach.

To humor her, the doctor had the old lady undress, then he gave her a brief examination, after which he told her to go home, take a bath, and forget about the pregnancy.

"But, doctor," she replied, "I told you I feel life. Why do you advise me to go home and take a bath?"

"Madam," the doctor answered, "you have a flea in your navel."

IN A SLUMP

Pity the poor middle-aged woman who was so disgusted with her shape that she decided to shoot herself. So



"Don't blame me, Ma. When this real estate man asked me to go for a ride with him to see a couple of big properties, I didn't know they belonged to me!"

*she aimed the gun at her breast,
pulled the trigger — and shot her-
self in the kneecap!*

CAN'T QUIT

A new patient was telling the doctor his woes. "After the first," the patient said sadly, "I'm tired, doctor."

"Uh-huh," the medical man commented.

"After the second, I get an ache in my chest and shooting pains."

"Yes . . . yes. Go on."

"And after the third, I'm practically ready to faint. It takes at least an hour before my thumping heart returns to normal."

"Well, why don't you quit after the first?" asked the doctor.

"Don't be silly, doctor," replied the patient. "I live on the third."

FIRST CHOICE

The apple of the average bachelor's eye is usually the prettiest peach with the biggest pear.

HELPFUL

After the attractive blonde moved in across the street, Mr. Taylor found frequent excuses for dashing over to her apartment to borrow something or to "help the lady get settled," as he put it.

One evening, an angry Mrs. Taylor telephoned the blonde and snarled, "Why should it take so long for my husband to get something over there?"

"Honey," the blonde replied, "all I can say is that these interruptions aren't helping at all!"

SLY FOX

A fox is a guy who manages to get what the wolf is always after.



"Excuse me a minute, baby. I think a fly ball is coming this way."



"That's the trouble with you, Gladys—you're always competing."

38-26-34 will pay contributors five dollars for each joke used on these pages. None will be returned, and the editor's decision is final. Address them to: Editor, 38-26-34, 7311 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91605.

THE NYLON ROAD TO DREAMLAND



The fact that corporation executives, burdened by the responsibilities of their office, frequently find it difficult to fall asleep is well known. But this eyeful, Eunice Maxwell by name, also had trouble slipping off to sleep—and she's a secretary, not a corporation official! After months and months of lost sleep, Eunice recently discovered the solution to her woes. The bulky pajamas she'd been wearing to bed usually twisted uncomfortably around her body, so she consigned this garment to the trash can. In place of the pajamas, she tried a number of substitute garments until she hit upon the perfect bedwear for her: a pair of brief nylon panties. It was the perfect answer to her problem, for since the switch, Eunice has been sleeping like a beautiful blonde baby!





TOPLESS TOPSY-TURVY

Bare-bosomed waitresses and entertainers have been on the nightclub scene for three years now, but people are still trying to top the topless. *DD* By JOSEPH C. SALAK

There was a time, not too many yesterdays ago, when polite society spoke of the leg—that *coarse human appendage*—as a limb, and ladies didn't perspire, they glowed.

This was the pattern of gentility, a state of being in which you proclaimed your breeding by using delicate euphemisms for what were then considered vulgar, hence unmentionable, realities.

It was a time when Vienna was full of merry widows, and women with plump elbows spooned whipped cream on their coffee without worrying about their waists. This was also the Vienna where the unhappy harlots in a Shakespearean play bemoaned the fact that their homes were being closed down.

Of course this state of affairs couldn't go on forever.

The change started when a young lady loosened her stays and shortened her skirt to above shoe-top length. Her Victorian father stormed, her mother retired to her room with a migraine, and her clergyman publicly predicted the collapse of Christian morality.

Two generations later, her granddaughter went Charlestoning in a knee-length chemise or, brazenly, to the beach in a one-piece bathing suit. The wails of the conservatives could be heard from coast to coast.

While everyone (well, at least a few) gasped, "What in the world are we coming to?" a succession of shocking fashions were introduced: the bared back, the plunging neckline, the short-shorts and the bikini. Each time, the hue and cry rose to a shrill crescendo, then died rather quickly.

The next bombshells—toplessness and miniskirts—also brought on the usual protests.

The Miami council, for example, ruled against toplessness soon after bare breasts began to show themselves over the lox and liverwurst. On a blue Monday, the 23rd day

of January, 1967, the city commission called it an emergency and passed a law.

The law made it a misdemeanor for waitresses and entertainers in Miami to appear nude above the waist in public. (The law made no mention of the lower half of the body.) When nightclub entertainer Vanilla Williams appeared nude to the waist, she was charged with everything but carrying a concealed weapon.

After Miami—not noted for its puritanical attitude—nix'd toplessness, Daytona Beach followed suit by making it unlawful for any female person to expose, exhibit,

display or reveal her nude breast or breasts while in or at any public place where other persons are present.

Only during periods when there is a surplus of food, energy and leisure can people indulge freely in such cultural play activities as the quick-changing fashion merry-go-round. We live in a moment in history in which our society is in a state of ferment, so it wouldn't be surprising to hear a Playboy Bunny admit her life is a bore, or to have a Southern governor's daughter marry the person she loves "regardless of race, creed, or national origin."

But all blows to sham and pretense beget some resistance—and it started long before Marilyn Monroe said all she "had on" was her transistor radio.

The decision to perform topless in San Francisco was Mama Spiegelman's declaration of independence. This topless mother of eight said, "People are all exhibitionists at heart, and even females admire gals with bodies worth showing and the guts to show them. Contrary to what many people think, we topless girls are not nymphomaniacs, nor do we parade our bodies around for sexual satisfaction. Many topless girls are married, and most are mothers. Few are prostitutes, because we can make more money removing our tops than our pants. Where else can inexperienced girls make good money without prostituting their entire body? Even cocktail waitresses get pinched and fondled; all we get is stared at."

The outspoken lady seasoned her remarks with, "My children have learned that a lovely body shown in the right way can be decent and beautiful."

The topless trend has even influenced the Vietnam war. An American businessman pointed out that



Gaye Spiegelman dances for California college kids. She has eight children.

servicemen shipped from San Francisco are used to seeing topless girls, but when they get to Vietnam, they're out of luck, topless-wise. To keep them from becoming homesick and avoid a morale problem, the businessman announced plans to open a topless go-go discotheque in Saigon. He assured authorities that only American girls "of high caliber" would be employed.

Although San Francisco and a few other sophisticated cities accept topless waitress as just another natural phenomenon, like Twin Peaks, topless entertainment doesn't always click. In Sicily, for example, a shopkeeper was fined \$15 for a lewd display; he had a buxom femme dummy wearing a topless swimsuit in his shop window.

Similar uproars have shaken other cities since the fad for bare-breasted entertainers and waitresses began.

Chicago, far from ready to blow its top, warned showgirls to remain covered—or face a \$20-to-\$500 fine. (Windy City joints advertising "topless girls" are stretching the truth. The girls so advertised in Chicago wear, as an irreducible minimum topside, a net brassiere over pasties that are about as large as a half-dollar.)

Meanwhile, in Texas, go-go girl Trisha Diane Beall, 19, was getting married in a topless wedding gown during a floor show at a Padre Island nightclub.

And in Montreal, Lili St. Cyr was arrested as she was performing a bathtub act at a nightclub, and charged with giving an indecent performance. Her case served as a test designed to lay down the standards of entertainment during Montreal's Expo 67.

When three topless waitresses went on trial in New York, the arresting officer was asked to identify the one who waited on him.

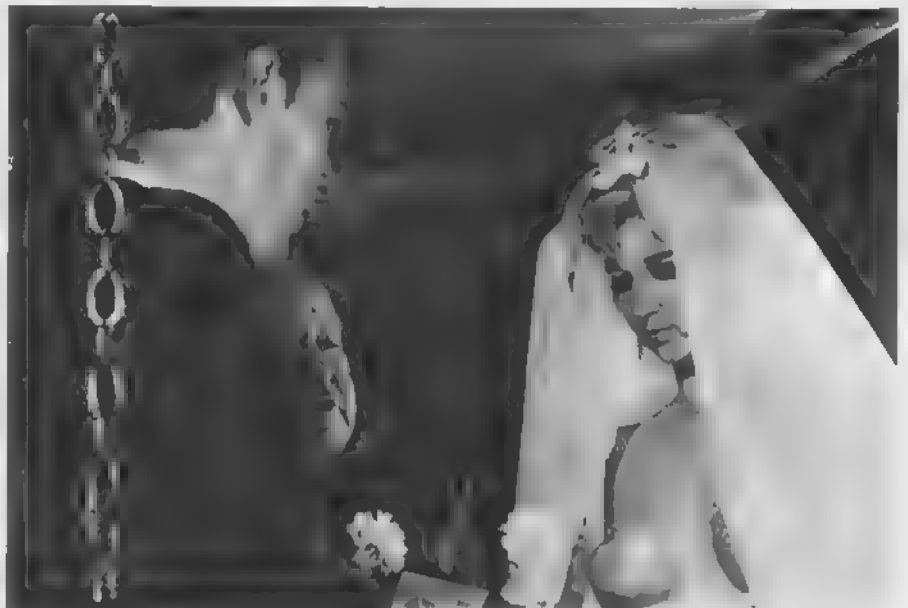
"How do I know?" he said. "They're all wearing clothes now."

The girls said they were wearing pasties—small disks that are sometimes called "bumper stickers"—over their breasts. The prosecution replied that there was no excuse for topless waitresses other than greed,

(continued on page 66)



Ruby Diamond (left) and Mary Rooney were New York's first topless waitresses.



In Texas, dancer Trisha Beall, 37-23-38, was married in a topless wedding gown.



MAID ON A MOOR

collar
endless in
side
aple
gy





He had traveled to Cornwall, in southwest England, which is an ancient, almost, those mysterious, boggy wastelands for which England is famous. Clarice waited there for the damp fog to roll in and complete the eerie picture, but the atmospheric magic never showed up. Still, Chance was delighted





THE STOLEN PRINCESS

By RICK SARGENT

When a man who's guarding a million-dollar dame lowers his vigil, he's got trouble!

Paul Maxton's footsteps echoed in the deserted hallway of the Museum of Fine Arts as he made his rounds. He paused before the lighted portrait of Princess Janine and looked into her brown eyes.

At first he'd regarded her as a stupid little slut, but after having her around for 10 days, he'd become rather fond of her. Rembrandt had kept her alive on canvas for hundreds of years. It still amazed Paul

that anyone would pay a million dollars for a canvas girl.

"Your highness," he said, "it's a nice night out. Why don't you go for a walk or something?" Receiving no reply, he shook his head and

Her arm swept up, then she brought the heavy ashtray down on Jim's head.



walked on. "Still too stuck-up to talk, eh?"

Princess Janine wasn't really his type, but Cleo Miles certainly was. He smiled at the happy memory of their necking session in her car the

previous night. She'd almost promised that when they got together the next night there'd be no stopping. Of course, she had mentioned her mother was sick and that she might have to go and take care of her.

His smile faded. That would sure wreck things. When she came back, it would be like starting all over again.

He'd met Cleo a week ago while she was struggling to change the tire

on her car. He helped her, and she gave him a ride home. She worked as a waitress at the cafe near the museum and her shift, like his, ended at 1 A.M. They had met every night since then, sometimes going bowling, to an all-night movie, or just out for a snack and a beer.

With a steady job and a girl, things were looking better for him than they had in many months. He'd even had thoughts of getting married and settling down there in Crest.

The one thing that could ruin that hope was if someone discovered he had done two years in Washington State Prison for bad checks. Twice before he'd thought he could settle down, only to have the record catch up with him.

Well, there was a saying about the third time being a charm; maybe he'd make it here.

In applying for the job of guard, he had gambled and checked "No" after the question, "Have you ever been arrested?" Whoever checked on him hadn't covered enough time or distance. The museum officials would probably turn purple if they found out that they had an ex-convict guarding the "Princess," who was scheduled to continue on her way to another museum the next day.

Although Paul was only in his early thirties, his dark brown hair had begun to gray at the temples. He was a shade over 6 feet tall, and had a good build. His broad face narrowed sharply to a blunt chin. His black eyes slanted down at the outer corners. He wore his gray uniform with a black belt and holster.

Paul sat down on the leather couch beside the barred glass doors of the main entrance and picked up his newspaper. He found his mind drifting to Cleo and the near certainty of taking her to bed within a few hours.

Someone tapped on the glass. He looked up to see Cleo. It was only 11 o'clock.

He tried to talk to her through the thick glass, but all he could make out was something about her mother. He gestured toward the small side door which led into the curator's office. The guards used it to go in and out on shift changes. It was

against the rules to use it for any other purpose, but there could be nothing wrong with opening it for just a minute or two.

"Hi!" she said. "I got this damn call, and I gotta go to my mother. So I took off early from work. I figured the least I could do was stop by an' explain how it is and all."

He groaned. "I'm sure sorry to hear about that."

She smiled. "Yeah, an' I bet I know why, too. To tell the truth, Paul, I was kinda lookin' forward to it myself." She shivered. "Hey, it's cold out here, an' my bus doesn't leave till a quarter past 1."

He thought it over for a second. "Sure, come on in."

The door had no more than closed than she was in his arms. "Oh, Paul, honey, it seems like a million years." She looked into his eyes. "An' I've been thinkin' about you all that time."

He hugged her. She was blonde and cute. She'd opened her coat, and he could feel the softness and warmth of her full breasts pressing against his chest. It felt so good to have his arms around this 24-year-old girl—as though they were really made for each other.

After knowing her only a week, he couldn't say he was really in love with her, but he was almost sure he *would* be. He certainly cared more for her than any other girl he'd ever known.

She sat on his lap, and they told each other two weeks apart would be an eternity. While they were talking, she dropped her purse. He saw a matchbook from Moore's Liquor Store and a motel key with a number 12 on it. The items made little impression on him as he helped her gather up her things.

Their kisses lasted longer and became deeper. Her skirt was askew, and his hand moved upward over her nylons to touch the silken flesh of her firm young thighs, crossed by the straps of her black garter belt.

"I shouldn't have let you get all hot and bothered," she said. "It ain't right to do that to a man and then just run off." She waited a moment, then whispered, "I guess we could

do something if you're in a real bad way."

He shook his head, even though he knew that in less than two hours she'd be on a bus. "I don't want to make it just because I'm in need. I really like you, Cleo, and if it would spoil something for us, I guess I can wait. I'm not very good at putting this into words, but I respect you. You're not just some pickup. I know it's silly to talk about it now, but you're the girl I might want to marry sometime soon."

She kissed his forehead, then his lips. "Gee, I feel that way, too, but I didn't think guys ever did. It would mean something though, 'specially now that we know how we feel about one another. We'll be apart so long an' all—I'd like to, you know, 'cause then we'd always have that to remember, no matter what happened. Not that anything will, but it *could*."

"Okay," he said, "let's."

She looked at the windows. "Somebody might come around or something and look in at just the wrong time."

"There's a big wide couch, real nice, in the next office," he said. "And no windows."

"Groovy! I'm for it!"

They went into the assistant curator's office. He closed the door.

With a shy smile, Cleo raised her skirt, slipped off her panties, and lay down on the couch.

He had some thought that he was neglecting his duty, but no one ever came around the museum at night. Even if someone should, he'd hear them. He joined Cleo on the couch and let everything else slip from his mind . . .

It was just before 1 A.M., and Paul was making his last round before the change of shifts. He stopped before the portrait of Princess Janine.

"Did you get your ears burned, honey?" he asked. "Well, if you heard anything, it likely brought back memories. I bet you were quite a little swinger yourself."

Something about the eyes of the princess disturbed him; they didn't look quite right. He climbed over the railing and, avoiding the burglar alarm, took a closer look.

(continued on page 56)

HER DRESS

"When you grow up among eight sisters, as I did," says Cora York, "your knowledge may be rather specialized. I was the one who always got stuck with washing dishes. What a drag!"





"But I never had to iron clothes," she adds, "so I'm just learning how. It's sizzling hot work."









"I couldn't manage to iron a thing if I had one more stitch of clothes on," Cora says. "Whew! Maybe I'll wait till it's cooler for my first lesson in pressin'!"







FROM THE SPICE RACK

By BART HILLS / Late
news from Wayoutsville.



Two Texans sent a trio of these size 40 bras to Britain.

A CLUB FOR THE CURVIEST: Blessed with more breast than the average female, a group of London dolls have formed the "Over Forty-Inch Club" to publicize their plight.

It's no plight for the gals to be so abundantly endowed, you say? Well, yes it is, bra-wise. They can't get properly fitted in ordinary brassieres, the London lasses claim, so they have to settle for uplifting underwear designed for "matronly figures"—a circumstance that's causing them no little anguish.

Upon hearing of this "Brassiere Battle of Britain," a pair of Texas bra manufacturers, Gwen Gordon and Calvin Fraser, fired off a bundle to the Over Forty-Inch Club members: three size-40 bras. The Texans sent the gift as a friendly hands-across-the-sea gesture, sure—but it won't make them unhappy if these girls end up as their biggest customers!

CRAFTY NEW YORKER: A New York apartment dweller grew weary of finding other people's cars in his assigned parking space, so he got out paint and brush, and lettered a sign with the legend, "Keep out. This parking space reserved."

But strange cars continued to show up in his assigned spot.

So the New Yorker turned crafty, painting a second sign, which read, "Stop! This space reserved for karate expert."

And it's worked, too. Not a soul has skunked him out of his space lately. But he's hoping nobody'll call his "karate expert" bluff; he can't tell a karate chop from a kumquat!

BEWARE, YOUNG MEN: All of you young bucks aged 21 and 22 had better keep your wits about you, for you're in grave danger of losing your freedom. It seems that you're the preferred "targets" for husband-hunting females in the 19- and 20-year-old brackets—and there are currently 3.6 million of them in the U.S. to only 2.8 million of you!

With an 800,000 "bulge" in their favor, these desperate dolls aren't likely to let many of you young fellows evade their clutches. Nevertheless, when the smoke of this battle of the sexes clears away, there'll still be a lot of honeys without hubbies.

What can they do?

According to the Population Reference Bureau, the unlucky lasses will be forced to settle for second-best—in the form of men their own age or considerably older. If that doesn't pan out, says the bureau, a girl can wait a few years and "see what happens."

As a last resort, it suggests that girls find a career they really like, so they can live with it—permanently!



The model's a knockout—and so is the \$2,500 mink chair.

NEW-PRODUCTS DIVISION: General Electric has lent its electrical engineering talents to the fashion business, and the result is the Astro Gown, a dress lined with 64 pieces of material that light up in blue, amber and green stars, crescents, circles and triangles. The power source is a battery pack, which is carried in a stylish shoulder bag. They cost several hundred dollars each . . . And a new milestone in luxury living was reached recently with the introduction of the natural ranch-mink chair. The chair is manufactured by the Burris Chair Company of San Francisco, which isn't expecting the public to stampede for these swank seats—which retail at \$2,500 apiece!



Who's sexier, the well-upholstered Claudia Cardinale . . .

CLAUDIA CLOBBERS 'THE TWIG': Who's sexier, England's rail-thin Twiggy or Italy's luxuriously upholstered Claudia Cardinale? Setting aside their own opinions for the moment, the staff of 38-26-34 have been gathering an informal (and entirely unscientific) sampling of public opinion on this question.

As this issue went to press, the count was Claudia, 74; Twiggy, 1. (Twiggy's lone vote, it should be reported, was cast by a mousy secretary who is as spectacularly unendowed as her English idol).

A PUNK PLATFORM: An Ojai, California, woman, dismayed because the junior high school girls were required to take their shower baths en masse, asked the school

board to install curtains in the shower room to afford the girls a measure of privacy.

Too expensive, replied the board, but how about providing the girls with bigger towels?

The woman rejected the offer, then took the matter to the voters by attempting to dislodge one of the school board members at election time. Running on such a clean platform, the woman probably expected to be swept into office on a shower of votes, but, alas, it didn't happen that way.

She ran fifth in a field of five!

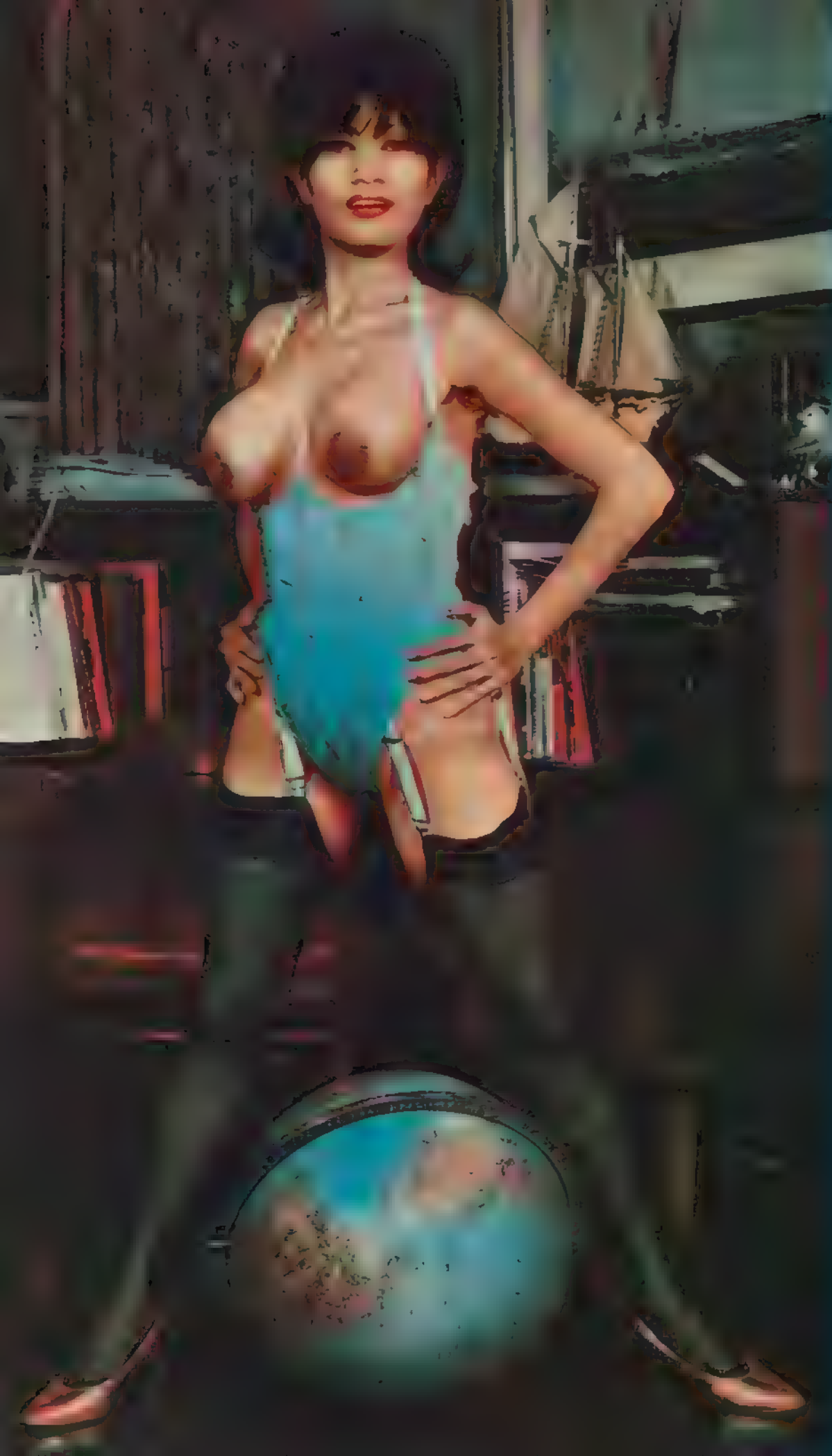


. . . or England's undernourished modeling moppet, Twiggy?

THE HIGH COST OF HORSEPOWER: If you own an average 8-cylinder, 4-door sedan, it costs you \$792 a year—\$2.17 a day—just to keep it in your garage, says the American Automobile Association. The breakdown: \$621 in depreciation, \$147 for insurance, and \$24 for registration and license.

Once you hit the road, however, the cost jumps by 3.7¢ a mile—for gas and oil, maintenance, and tires. If you drive your "average" car an "average" number of miles a year (10,000, that is), the total cost will be in the neighborhood of \$1,162 (\$3.18 a day), says the A.A.A.

ADDS AND INNUENDOS: Today's advertising is shot through with double entendre, two advertising men re-
(continued on page 54)



OLGA'S
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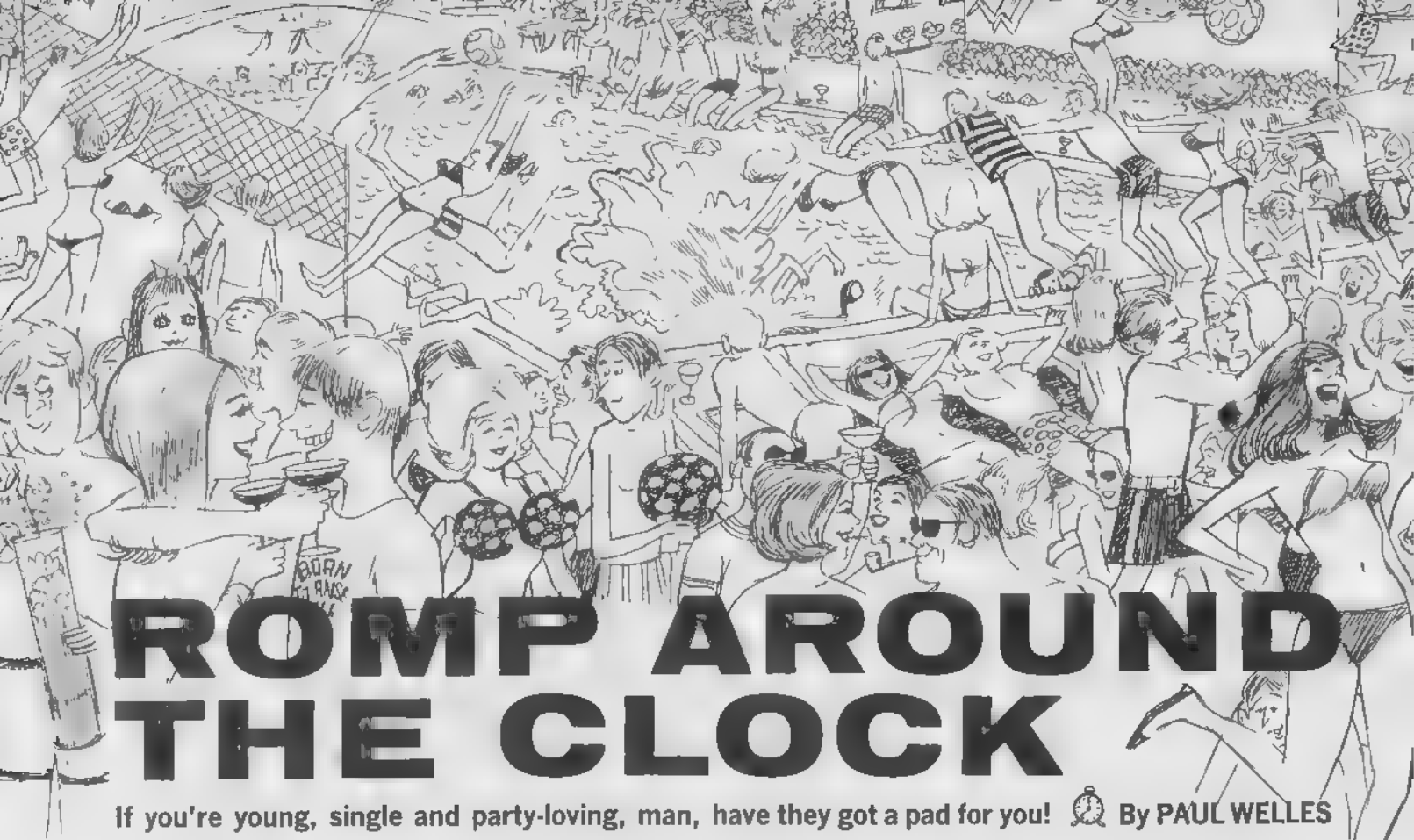
For six months of the year, lovely Olga Ventura is, almost literally, in orbit around this wonderful world of ours. Olga's a tour-group leader, and each spring and summer, she escorts a gang of gawking tourists to some of the far corners of the globe for a series of once-in-a-lifetime travel kicks.



In the winter and early spring, Olga has time to relax a bit and, when the urge strikes her, to plan some of her travel itineraries for the next tour season. Does she like the travel bit? "Like it?" she repeats, incredulously. "That's hardly the word for how I feel. I'm mad about it! For half a year, I see the world; then I get half a year to more or less do as I please. I used to hold down a desk job, so I know how deadly dull life can be. You can quote me as saying I have the world's best work!"







ROMP AROUND THE CLOCK

If you're young, single and party-loving, man, have they got a pad for you! 🕒 By PAUL WELLES

"The girls are here because eventually they hope to find a husband; the fellows come here primarily to party and live it up. Somewhere in between is where the fun starts."

From the outside, the "Clubhouse" in Long Beach, California, is a large, unprepossessing barnlike structure located in a shopping center.

Inside, it is a shifting, psychedelic phantasmagoria of movement, light, color and noise. A three-piece rock band keeps the volume up at a deafening intensity, while out on the dance floor, young men and girls (all of the latter distractingly pretty in tight skirts or pants and sweaters) frug, watusi and monkey energetically.

Skirting the dance floor are tables jam-packed with more good-looking girls and happy males. To one side, there is a bar and a pool table. The general atmosphere is that of a homecoming or a graduation night—an atmosphere that prevails seven nights a week.

After the ball is over, there are no chaperones, parents or prudish elders to dampen the fun. One by one, or two by two, the young people repair to their nearby apart-

ment communities to continue the jollifications, enjoy a quiet nightcap or late-night snack, or just tumble into bed, according to their individual needs or inclinations.

Tomorrow they can return to the "Clubhouse," or maybe take a turn at tennis, volleyball or basketball—or enjoy the heated pools, whirlpool baths, gymnasiums, billiard and card room, color TV room or barbecue pit.

For a modest price, there are group-gambling weekends in Las Vegas . . . skiing weekends at June Mountain . . . bull fighting, jai alai, and the-Lord-knows-what-else weekends in Tijuana . . . and extended vacation trips to Mexico, Europe, Tahiti and Hawaii—all in the company of attractive, like-minded people.

All this is offered to members of the "Never-on-Friday" Club, which also operates the South Bay Club Apartments, a community apartment-house development in Torrance, California, offering rentals of \$110 and up to "young, single, fun-loving adults."

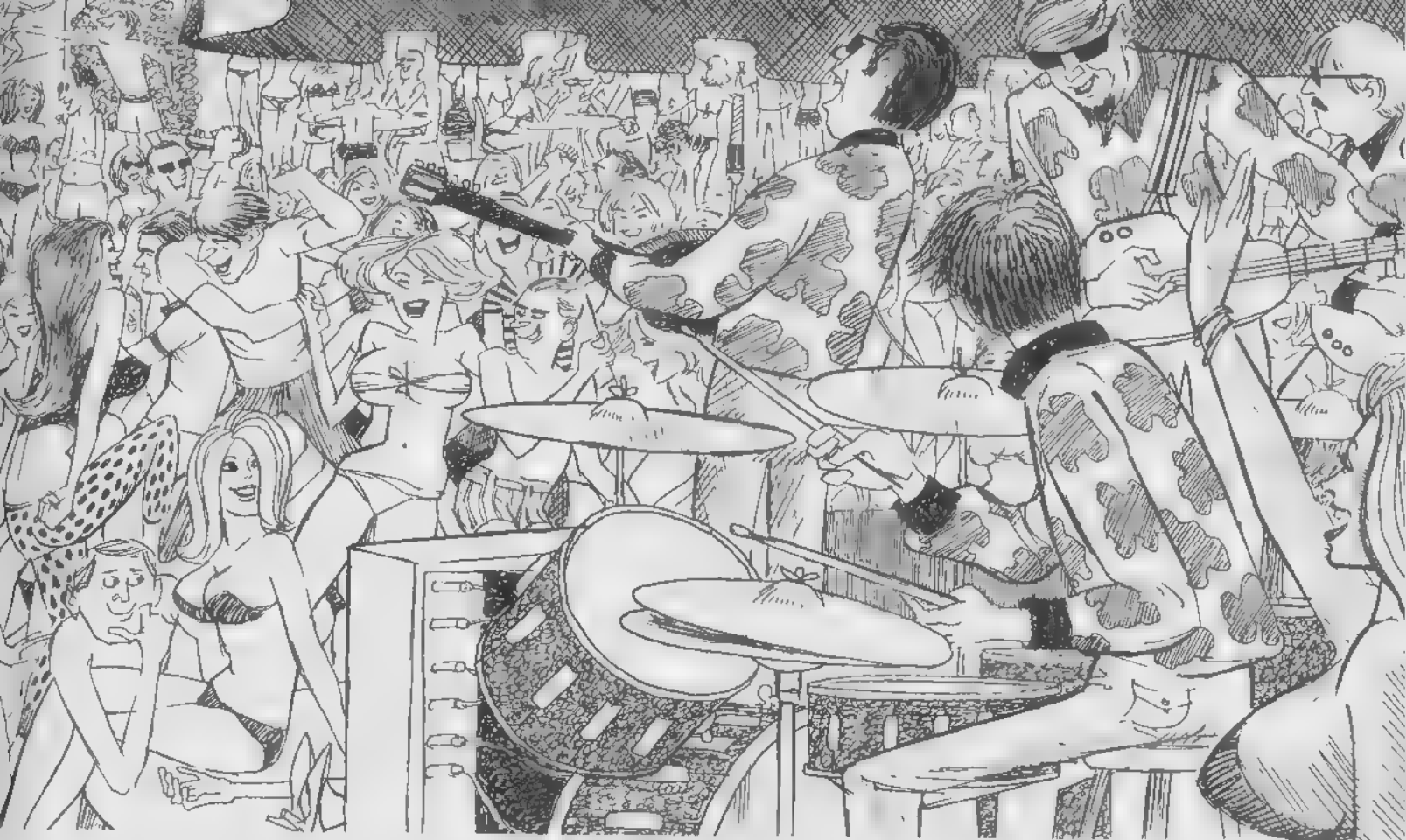
The phenomenon of the apart-

ment community that caters exclusively to playboys and playgirls between 21 and 35 years of age (and of "reasonably attractive" demeanor) is relatively new to American life. But already it has become a fabulously successful and fast-growing enterprise that promises to turn its owner-designers into millionaires faster than they can count the dollars pouring into their coffers.

The "Never-on-Friday" Club has grown, in less than four years (and on an initial investment of \$27, for a party to which all local swingers were invited), to a \$750,000-a-year business. In Los Angeles alone, 26,000 people belong to the club, and six branches have opened in other cities.

Talk about the Playboy Clubs—the "Never-on-Friday" Club and similar enterprises threaten to make the Heffner empire look like small potatoes in the years to come. Already other domiciles and clubs for bachelor men and girls are springing up all over, fanning out from the L.A. hub that forms the core of the movement.

It is logical that the Los Angeles area—with its vast size, newly settled, shifting population and laissez-faire morality—should have spawned



the concept of the bachelor-apartment community. "In L.A.," as novelist Lucius Greene observed, "morals are like dress. You set your own standards."

As far as the young female tenants of the new apartment developments are concerned, it affords an ideal opportunity for meeting eligible males, who are notoriously hard to pin down in a big, freewheeling city where people think nothing of driving 50 miles to dinner, and where one's friends live scattered over an area of 500 square miles.

Based on uncompromisingly hedonistic principles, the new apartment complexes offer the kind of life that hitherto has been only a dream for young, man-happy females and fun-loving males. That's why tenancy is restricted to unattached persons between 21 and 35.

"We figured the kind of people we were appealing to," explained the owner of one such development, "had to be at least 21 to be out of school and able to get a drink. At the other end of the scale, 35 seemed to be about right to keep the club clear of the Lonely Hearts image.

I'm sure we have a few guys who are closer to 40, but they're still swinging. As for the girls, by the time a girl gets to be 35, she's not swinging much anymore. We're out to attract the fun-loving, single, young adult."

It is not possible—nor do the promoters of this way of life claim in their advertising that it is possible—to do all this on a shoestring.

High-school dropouts need not apply.

Most of the girls living there work as secretaries, nurses, school teachers, airline hostesses and so on. The majority of the male tenants are college graduates, make a minimum of \$7,000 a year, and work in one or another of the local aerospace industries.

The ratio of men-to-women is maintained roughly on a three-to-two basis, and the monthly turnover is high. But the waiting list stays at a steady 50-60.

Douglas Reeves, a writer who has lived on both sides of the fence—first as a single, and now as a married man domiciled in Orange County—sees the girls of the apart-

ment communities as "part of the live-today, pay-tomorrow generation. They were brought up under the shadow of The Bomb, and are educated in the use of The Pill. They're uninhibited, unsentimental and unafraid—they're different from their parents. They come flocking into L.A. from all four corners of the country, intent upon meeting all the other young swingers, and swinging with them. And their attitude is: 'Who cares about tomorrow, baby—we're having more damn fun today!'"

The newspaper ads for the new bachelor apartments waste little space on ambiguities. A typical one has a photo of a pretty doll hemmed in by handsome, admiring males, and the copy runs: "If you are irresponsible, young and lovable; if you crave wild, all-night parties, singing, screaming, loud noise, dancing, rock bands, fun, madness and all forms of group activities; if you desire a swinging existence, unmarred by the presence of your prudish elders, the Southern Swingers Apartment Community wants YOU! Join the singles rebellion. We rent only to young (21 to 35), single, fun-loving adults who like
(continued on page 60)



BUFF WITH A PUFF

After emerging, refreshed and sweet-smelling, from her morning shower, dark-haired Vivian Durkee enjoys the sensuous feeling of a downy soft powder puff as it caresses her tingling skin. It's true that other girls appreciate this post-shower pampering, but few of them dig the bit to the extent Viv does. "There's something very special about using a powder puff," she explains. "I just love the luxurious feeling of spreading talcum powder all over my body with a frothy wisp of cotton. What it does, I suppose, is make me feel terribly, terribly feminine. Occasionally, though, I spend too much time at the mirror, dusting myself with scented talc, and I'm late for a date. But most fellows aren't too unhappy about it, because the powder puff routine usually puts me in the mellowest of moods."







Viv's bit of powder puffery began quite a while before our photographer began to expend film, yet this gal continued to pit-a-pat away happily as long as was necessary. Then she glanced at the clock and uttered a "Holy smoke! I've done it again! I'm late for my date!"



FROM THE SPICE RACK (continued from page 43)

cently told delegates to the American Advertising Federation convention.

The ad men, Paul Fillinger and Alan Cundall, cited such examples as: "Want to start something? Start with Arpege." . . . "Why wait for tonight—aren't you a woman all day?" (Shulton's Desert Flower) . . . "Want him to be more of a man? Try being more of a woman." (Coty's Emeraude).

And, of course, there's Clairol's famous "Does she or doesn't she?" campaign, which is now in its 11th year.

Nor is this type of ad just a fad, the ad men say.

"The double entendre is here to stay," Fillinger told the delegates. "Gone are the days when somebody's head was lopped into the wastebasket because somebody, somewhere, might possibly see a double meaning in his ad."

Which means that sexier sales pitches are probably already on the planning boards.



This gal's not a stripper, says the employment service.

JOBS FOR THE JET AGE: Looking for a job that sounds exciting—one you can impress the dolls with? Then why not become a "distresser" . . . or a "fly-a-way clerk" . . . or a "debubbler" . . . or even a "head money-room man?"

Of course, the jobs sound better than they really are. According to the U.S. Employment Service's dictionary of occupational titles, a "distresser" is the man who makes dents in reproductions of antique furniture; a "fly-a-way clerk" is a parts department clerk; a "debubbler" is the chap who operates a machine that keeps bubbles

out of chemical vats; and a "head money-room man" is the fast-fingered fellow who counts the nickels, dimes and dollars in a gambling casino, financial house or bank.

Other fascinating-sounding jobs listed in the employment service's dictionary:

The "hot car man," who has absolutely nothing to do with stolen cars. He works in a steel mill, and pushes hand cars containing hot metal.

The "anti-squeak filler," a shoe-factory employee who coats shoes to prevent them from squeaking.

The "dope house operator," who oversees spray-painting operations.

The "six-pack loader," who, quite predictably, loads six-packs of beer at the brewery.

There's even a listing for male "strippers," though the job's not exactly what you're thinking. This kind of stripper earns his paycheck by grading tobacco or removing trim and covering for repair work.

The kind of "stripper" you had in mind—the feminine variety—is listed under "striptease artist"!



Designer Rudi Gernreich says topless fashions are coming.

RUDI'S VIEW: Women will be wearing topless fashions with bosoms fully exposed within the next decade, according to Rudi Gernreich, a young California designer who gave this trend to bareness a helping hand a few years ago when he introduced topless swimsuits.

"Innovations in fashion don't come from designers, they come from people themselves," Gernreich says. "Designers don't tell women what to wear; women tell designers what they want or don't want."

And what do today's women want? Ever more freedom in clothes, asserts Gernreich, who reasons that this will eventually lead to a demand for topless styles.

Not that the idea is new. The ancient Egyptians and Cretans went this route a few thousand years ago!

placed it in a water tumbler. Even Margarite admitted the ivy was his. The house was hers, the car was hers, the bank account hers . . . the ivy could belong to Andrew.

All of the other flowering plants and trees were his wife's possessions.

She had won a number of prizes at the county fair for her green thumb; if ribbons had been passed out for black hearts, she would have won one of them, too.

Because she considered herself unequalled as a horticulturist, Margarite sneered at Andrew's ivy, which was then a pathetic little plant. When he appeared undaunted by her taunts, she sneered at his pathetic little body and spirit.

She predicted the ivy would wither and die. Once, Andrew caught her sprinkling salt around the plant. Silently, he nursed his green baby back to a spindly, undernourished existence again.

Then one night, in a fit of pique over something else, Margarite had struck at him while he was peeling potatoes. For the first time in their marriage, Andrew hit back. Unfortunately, he had forgotten to put down the knife before he struck.

And while she lay on the floor, gasping like some huge, bulging-eyed, gutted fish, he proceeded to finish the job by filleting her. The deed took five hours and thirty-two minutes; it would have taken only five hours, but Andrew had paused to watch *The Beverly Hillbillies* on TV. Once the deed was completed, the bones were placed in an old plant fertilizer sack and carried to the ocean.

The fillets of Margarite were buried beneath the compost pile which Andrew had placed around the ivy plant.

A most remarkable thing happened within a few days. The ivy, which had been puny and almost white until then, suddenly began to take on a healthy green color. It strengthened. It grew. In one day alone, it put out 10 new creepers and stretched upward with eager little fingers for a distance of eight inches. At the end of three months, the ivy covered the entire south side of the garage.

Inexplicably, however, on about the first anniversary of Andrew's be-reavement, the ivy's upward growth stopped. It began to lose some of its luster.

Frantically, Andrew started extra waterings; he purchased the very best commercial fertilizers and plant foods available. He mothered the plant as best he could.

It was all to no avail.

Andrew was not a scientist, but even a layman can understand simple cause and effect. Thus it was that he soon came to the conclusion that the plant was suffering from lack of organic nutrients similar to that which had been added to the compost pile a year before. He tested his hypothesis by grinding up a particularly loathsome yapping little Pekingese that had kept him awake for several nights running by its shrill and totally uncalled for barking.

The ivy reacted. Not as strongly or as rapidly as Andrew wished, but enough to prove that he was correct in his basic assumption.

A Siamese cat was the next to go, but the ivy did not care for Siamese cats. It developed ugly black blotches on some of its leaves.

The marks went away shortly after a sculptor's St. Bernard disappeared.

At the end of three months, enough domestic pets were reported missing that even the metropolitan press felt impelled to comment on it.

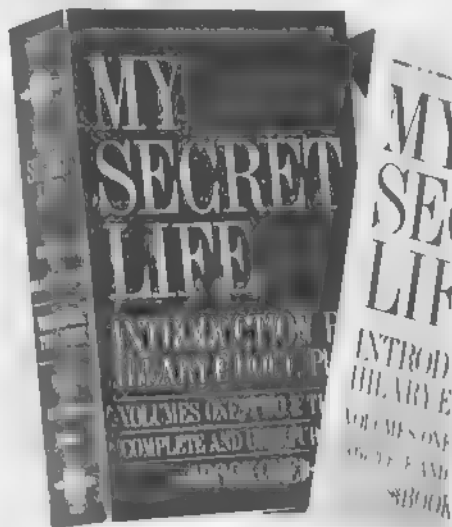
Although the ivy remained fairly healthy during these ministrations of organic nutrients, its spectacular growth had ceased. Naturally, Andrew was concerned—as would be any conscientious mother who sees her offspring suffering from malnutrition.

After considerable deliberation and several days of scanning the vital statistics page of his newspaper, Andrew paid a visit to the churchyard . . . by moonlight.

The digging was surprisingly easy.

Just as the moon was gingerly lowering itself into the cold waters of the sea, Andrew lugged his newly acquired plant food out to his bicycle and placed it—bent in the middle like a rolled-up rug—across the back rack. He then pedalled apprehensively back home.

(continued on page 61)



Introduction by Hilary E. Holt, Ph.D.

Because the anonymous author's posthumous instructions to destroy his memoirs unread were disobeyed, historians were provided with an amazing and valuable sociological and psychological document that reveals the secret sex life of 19th century England as candidly as a Kinsey Report — in simpler language.

But, for a long time MY SECRET LIFE was one of the rarest, most expensive books ever printed — until Brandon House began making soft cover facsimile-type reproductions available, complete and unexpurgated, at a price canny connoisseurs can afford. Book One, containing the first three volumes (over 900 pages) and an exclusive introduction is now available in a handsome protective box.

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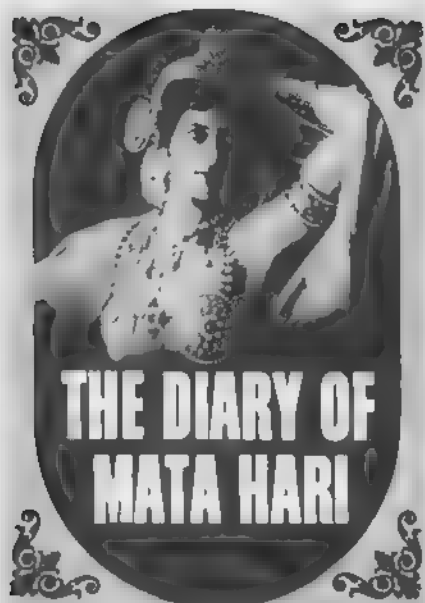
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Box 9506, N. Hollywood, Calif. 91609

Please send me MY SECRET LIFE. I enclose \$5. I am over 21.

Name:

Address:

City, State, Zip:



"IF THIS WOMAN CANNOT BE SHOT AS A SPY, SHE OUGHT TO BE BURNED AS A WITCH . . ." So spoke the court at the trial which sent the dancer-harlot-spy to her death and dismemberment

This first English translation of a secret diary which lay buried in a Paris archive until after World War II reveals the brutal downfall of Margaretha Geertruida Zelle MacLeod, and her weird metamorphosis into the untouchable Indian priestess who found her excitement in another disguise in French bordellos.

Skillfully translated by Mark Alexander and adroitly analyzed in a special introduction by Dr. Hilary E. Holt, this Brandon House Library Edition gives you an entirely new look at the woman who scandalized all Europe ... \$1.25



ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

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North Hollywood, Calif., 91609

Please send me THE DIARY OF MATA HARI. I enclose \$1.25. I am over 21.

Name:

Address:

City, State, Zip:

THE STOLEN PRINCESS (continued from page 34)

He felt as though he'd been bleached from head to toe. From a distance, the painting looked all right, but closer, anyone could see it wasn't the princess at all, *but a poor copy!*

He remembered that Cleo had once casually asked about the alarm system protecting the painting. It was even possible she had gotten a wax impression of his keys at some time or another, or perhaps, as he let her in, she had fixed the door of the curator's office so it wouldn't lock.

But the important thing was that the painting had been stolen while he was making love to Cleo, and she must have been in on it. All her talk of "meaning something to each other" had been empty—she'd just been part of a scheme to steal the painting and play him for a simple-minded sucker.

He started to shake when he realized that with his arrest record, he might be stuck for the theft.

Forcing his mind from near-panic, he knew his one chance was to get the painting back before the theft was discovered. The relief guard probably didn't know the Princess as well as he, and the copy might fool him. But the minute the museum people saw it in the morning, all hell would break loose.

As soon as his relief guard arrived, Paul left the museum and went to the rather fancy café where Cleo said she worked. The parking-lot attendant told him the waitresses at the café didn't wear yellow uniforms like Cleo's.

Any hope he'd had that she wasn't involved in the theft ended right there. She had lied to him about everything.

As an afterthought, he asked the parking-lot attendant if he knew of a Moore's Liquor Store. "Not in Crest," the car jockey answered.

Paul checked at the bus depot and learned that the last bus had left at 11, and there were no more until after 3. The ticket seller couldn't remember anyone answering Cleo's description.

"Do you know of a Moore's Liquor Store?" Paul asked.

"There was one over on Elmwood. Old man Moore sold out about six months ago."

Paul found the store that had been Moore's, and learned they were still giving out the former owner's matchbooks. The clerk couldn't remember a girl resembling Cleo.

Paul found three motels in the general vicinity. Two used green keys, but only one had a room 12. And as he stood outside the door, Paul heard Cleo's voice saying, "Come on now, Jim, don't fool around. We got a plane to catch."

"What the hell's the matter with you? You been nothing but cold lately," a man's voice said.

There was the sound of scuffling and then the man said, "Give, baby, or I'll knock your teeth down your throat."

"So okay, if you're gonna be that way."

Paul drew his gun and kicked the door in.

Cleo was on the bed, wearing only a pair of bikini panties. The man standing beside the bed was tall, lean and dark-haired. He'd just started to unbutton his white shirt. Princess Janine, still framed, leaned against the wall. Her brown eyes stared at the bed.

Paul shut the door behind him. "Now, nice and slow, buddy, pick up the phone and call the police."

Jim smiled, "You wouldn't want to do that, man. Like think about it. Think about \$250,000 split three ways. I got this thing sold to a guy C.O.D."

In an instant, two thoughts crossed Paul's mind: that he was being offered more than \$80,000, and that in order to return the painting, he would have to admit it was his fault it had been stolen.

"I didn't want to do it, Paul," said Cleo, "not after I got to know you, but he made me go through with it. Honest."

Paul wasn't sure just what he was going to do. It had seemed such a simple thing to replace the Princess before anyone discovered she was gone, but now it wasn't simple at all.

Jim gestured toward a chair. "Sit

(continued on page 72)



KITTY KEEPS HER 'COOL'

What could Kitty do? She returned from work to find her pad as hot as the sizzling weather outside, and her new air-conditioner coolly refused each of her attempts to make it work. So she decided to beat the heat by going the bare way. That's how this Kit changed from hot to cool!







"It was the natural thing to do," explains Kitty. "This was the worst weather we'd had all summer. Besides, I was too tired to go out for dinner at some air-conditioned place. I was cool, believe me." You still are, Kitty!





And finally, at long last, Andrew's theory was proven. His baby grew again, rapidly, pulsating with new life. It swept in a green tide across the roof of the studio and made it halfway down the north wall before it ran out of steam.

A short time later, a gas company employee became entangled in the ivy while reading the meter outside the garage. His shouts for help brought Andrew blinking down into the sunlight. He decided that the meter-reader was a gift from the gods . . . one of those things obviously ordained . . . a wonderful coincidence that simply couldn't be questioned.

How the plant grew! It completely encircled the building and began its intrusions through windows and cracks. The creepers became thick, and one could almost feel the power surging through the green tentacles.

Of course, this increased size *did* present certain problems.

Food, for example.

Andrew really hated to do in the shapely, redheaded bank teller named Melissa who was the next meal for his ivy plant. It seemed almost a shame to kill her, he thought, as he watched her undress in his bedroom. He gazed down at her long, lovely legs sheathed in sheer nylon hose . . . the full, firm breasts that sprang into vibrant life as Melissa released them from the satin cushions of her bra . . . the rounded hips, like warm alabaster, framed by a black lace-edged garter belt.

But there would always be others, Andrew thought, as he brought out the carving knife from behind his back and advanced menacingly on the unsuspecting girl . . .

Then, in quick succession, the plant was rewarded with a myopic, red-bearded writer, an inquisitive female psychiatrist who had been practicing on Andrew, a radio disc jockey, an argumentative lady Christian Scientist, a newspaper editor, an English watercolorist (female), and a nosy police inspector.

Even Andrew was forced to admit that the last item on the menu was a mistake. Never before had there been such a hubbub.

The neighborhood swarmed with

newspapermen, television cameramen, FBI agents, insurance investigators and curiosity seekers.

One newspaper stated sensationally in a copyrighted story by its science editor that a sea monster had been sighted by usually reliable sources; it was speculated that the mysterious 120-foot-long beast probably was responsible for the missing persons.

This report frightened Andrew so much that he ceased his nightly walks along the seashore.

As a result of the unfortunate publicity, table d'hôte entrees for the ivy plant became very scarce, although by Herculean efforts and by taking some tremendous risks, Andrew was able to scrounge up a small boy as an hors d'oeuvre.

And finally one Sunday after a week of no new food sources being found, Andrew was forced to put the ivy on a cold-water diet.

Feeling empathy for his beloved, he himself went to bed that night after a dinner of only cold water.

The offshore breeze sprang up about 10 o'clock, causing the ivy leaves to rustle like vicious little rats scurrying hither and yon in agitation. The wind brought a cloud over with it; the moon was veiled in film at first, then was blotted out altogether.

Policemen walking in nervous pairs on the beach heard the high, thin screams, but were unable to place the direction from whence they came. The screams of agony lasted for quite some time, and then they faded as the wind and rain brought even greater sound to the black night.

Two days later, suspicious police hacked their way into Andrew's studio.

The ivy creepers were everywhere. They hung down from the ceiling in great undulating curtains of greenery. Their leaves, like the tiny hands of babies, seemed to be waving "bye-bye."

And then the police saw Andrew on the couch.

Ivy grew out of his mouth, his ears, the corners of his eyes, and out of his pajama top and bottom.

And right in the middle of poor old motherly Andrew, the largest sucker root of all was firmly attached to his navel—like a green umbilical cord . . .

317 318 319



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**WINNER
FROM
WALES**





At the beginning of the summer, Winnie Quinn jetted across from her native land (Wales) to visit her aunt and uncle in San Francisco.

It was the first time across the Atlantic for her, but even before touching down on the West Coast, Winnie knew she'd like California. After spending a month or so with her aunt and uncle, though, her liking of California turned to love, and she didn't want to return to her chilly homeland.





Winnie's mother and father, back in Wales, weren't happy about the prospect of losing a daughter to the New World, yet they are likely to agree to let her stay, if she wishes. Her happiness, after all, is what they're most concerned about. This winner from Wales still has to check with our immigration department, but we're sure it'll okay her request. We'd hate to lose a winsome Welsh doll like Winnie!



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TOPLESS TOPSY-TURVY (continued from page 27)

and called their conduct offensive to public decency.

There being nothing in the city law to prevent mixing drinks and topless waitresses, the girls were found innocent of 19 violations of New York's administrative code. (Though an amendment to the state's statutes was proposed to prohibit topless waitresses.)

Except for a few holdouts, however, toplessness may be in for a bleak future. Professor Robert Murphy of Columbia University's anthropology department has stated that "The topless is not sexy. It's just funny, and ridiculously exploited."

To digress for a moment from mammaries to miniskirts, Hollywood designer Don Loper castigated the short-short skirt as the most scandalous and degrading travesty on elegance ever perpetrated on the female sex.

Nevertheless, the miniskirt is now available in all "thighses," and has already proved to be more than just another fad. The British Society for the Preservation of Miniskirts is working to assure one and all that the object of our affection will be with us for many years to come.

The young Londoner wears miniskirts, tight pants, high-heeled boots, and Edwardian haircuts as a way of telling people that she is different from any previous generation. This abrupt change in English fashion from baggy tweeds to bare knees took place about five years ago, when sidewalk prostitution was made illegal. Up till then, a decent London lass couldn't wear anything colorful or the least bit sexy without being likened to her scarlet sisters.

But when the bad girls were swept off the streets, then she started wearing brighter clothes. Lately, she seems to be more deliberately daring than ever, as if challenging the world to accept her on her own terms.

A nearly nude show girl, Fabulous Sonia, posed in the window of a men's outfitters' shop in Bath, England, but the police threatened to arrest her and the shop owner unless Sonia got out of the window—not because she was naked, but because the crush of men at the window was obstructing traffic.



Is it possible that even a Playboy Bunny might call her life a bore?

The Business Efficiency Conference in England endorsed miniskirts for office wear because they make a girl feel "brisker, lighter, more efficient."

And the girls can travel faster in minis, and thus outrun their bosses—although if it weren't for the miniskirt, they might not have to try. But the English wouldn't want to deny either the girls or the bosses this healthful exercise.

"However," the efficiency conference reported, "miniskirts as standard office attire won't impede routine if male workers have the right spirit." The conference also found that the most suitable atmosphere for miniskirts is among male employees too old or nearsighted to care.

The rise and fall of hemlines, ac-

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Blonde Carol Doda introduced toplessness to the United States. She increased her modest 34-inch bust to a monumental 44 inches with silicone injections.

cording to Dr. Hale Smith, head of Florida State University's anthropology department, is a reflection of the economic and cultural security of a civilization.

Dr. Smith said, "During times of prosperity and internal security, the dress hemlines soar, and in times of trouble and recession they tend to go down."

There were the Victorian floor-dragging dresses of the early part of the century, and the hiked skirts of the Roaring Twenties. Depression sent them plummeting again in the Thirties.

They have climbed to daring heights in today's prosperity.

And now back to bosoms for a closing thought: Although the biggest breast news in recent years has

revolved around the topless controversy, something almost equally monumental, mammary-wise, was introduced in 1966:

Breast-enlargement via silicone injections.

As a testimonial to its success, Carol Doda turned her modest 34-inch bust into a mammoth 44-inch protrusion. After this bit of mammaplastic magic, Carol was so well equipped that she was the one who introduced topless entertainment to the United States back in 1964.

The bust enlarging boom has been most popular in Los Angeles, New York and Miami. That the results tend to boost the female's confidence along with her bra size was confirmed by a little girl who telephoned her friend and said, "Guess what, Suzie? My big sister is giving me her falsies!"



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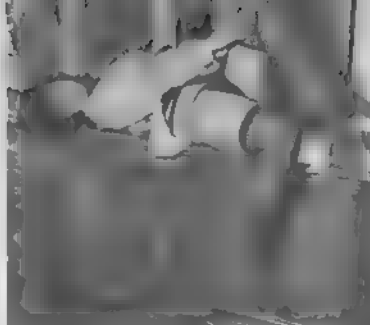
Certainly one of the top thrills in Jill Metcalf's life is when she comes home with a whole stack of frilly new undies.



On Jill's most recent foray into the undie world of her favorite department stores, she came away with whisper-thin lingerie that weighed no more than a pound, but that set her back more loot than she'll admit. "The sheerer it is, the more it seems to cost," Jill says. "But what's money for if not to buy the things that give you the most pleasure and greatest happiness?" Your philosophy's sheer genius, Jill!



Of course, as soon as Jill brought her new undies home, she just had to try every one on. This fun session took two full hours.



"Occasionally I'm disappointed when I try on the new stuff, but this time every undergarment is just as darling as I expected," Jill says happily. "Now I can barely wait to go on another undie shopping spree!"





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THE STOLEN PRINCESS (continued from page 56)

down and let's talk it over. And put the gun away, huh?"

"Not a chance," said Paul, keeping the gun on them as he sat down.

Jim sat facing him on the edge of the bed. "Okay, now, dad, let's swing into a deal that's good for all of us."

Paul began to realize that any deal he made would be worthless. Jim was a shrewd, tough guy who'd pull a double cross at the first opportunity. He looked at Cleo. "You sure fooled me. All the talk about—"

"It wasn't just talk!" she interrupted. "What we did in the office was something fine and good. I didn't fake that. I didn't want to go through with this, but . . ."

She sounded so sincere that all his attention was on her. It was only when the room suddenly went dark that Paul realized Jim must have pulled the lamp cord from the wall plug. He steeled himself to the idea that he was going to be forced to kill another human being.

His hand shook as he raised the gun to aim at Jim's flying shadow. Then the other man was on him, and a strong hand was twisting his wrist. He dropped the gun.

Jim grabbed it and put the muzzle against the side of Paul's head. "One wrong move, dad, and you've had it." There was no doubt Jim meant it.

Cleo turned on the light. Jim stood up, the gun aimed at Paul.

"Cut some cord from the venetian blinds," Jim ordered, "and tie this cat up."

"And we just leave him here, huh?" she asked.

"You outta your mind? We can't do that—he can identify us to the cops. We'll take him in the car out in the mountains someplace and dump him."

"No," she said. "Jimmy, stealin' a painting's one thing, but killin' a guy's something else. They'd put us in the gas chamber."

"Don't be dumb. We're not gonna get caught. This is the best thing that could happen to us, Cleo. They'll just figure he stole the painting. Nobody will be out looking for us."

"But, Jim, we *can't*!" she wailed. "If we just leave him here, he won't go to the cops. Like you said, he'd have to involve himself."

"Look, I'm not arguing with you."



We do it my way. Now get that cord."

"Yeah. Sure," she said, moving closer to Jim.

Paul saw the heavy ceramic ash-tray in her hand sweep up and crash down on Jim's head. Jim dropped the gun as he crumpled to the floor.

"I . . . didn't kill him, did I?" she asked.

"No," Paul assured her, picking up his gun. "But you did a very nice job of knocking him out."

"I couldn't let him kill you."

"You sure were willing to do everything else, though, weren't you? You lied to me all the way."

"So maybe I did, but I was afraid of him. Once I got to know you, I stalled and stalled, but he just kept pushin'. Then he said the picture would be gone tomorrow, we had to do it tonight. I didn't want to, Paul, believe me. When I was with you, it was great. For the first time, I felt like a woman instead of something to be used and kicked out."

"You know I'm going to have to turn you over to the cops."

"Why's it got to be that way?" she asked. "Look, Jim said a lot of dumb things, but at least one of 'em made sense. He said little people in this world get maybe one chance to make a real score, and this was ours. Paul, honey, I don't want to go to prison. I know the guy he was gonna sell the picture to. We could do it, you and me. Think of it—a quarter of a million bucks. We could go to South America or someplace and really live."

He thought of it. They could buy a business there. Deep down, he knew that what Cleo and he had had in the office was love the way it should be. For those few moments, they had really been a part of each other. Now she was offering him a future most people could only dream of.

"What about Jim?" he asked.

"Hell, tie him up and leave him here. By the time he gets loose, us and the painting'll be long gone. And whatever he is, he's not stupid enough to go to the cops. They want him for plenty."

"It's crazy, Cleo," he said. "It's wild, but we'll do it!"

She came into his arms. He hugged her, still trying to convince himself it would work.

They tied and gagged Jim and locked him in a closet.

Paul had to change out of his uniform and pick up a few things, so they stopped at his apartment. He kissed Cleo. "Keep the Princess company, sweetheart, I'll be back in a minute."

Inside the apartment, he quickly changed and then threw things into an overnight bag. He tried to keep from thinking, but he couldn't.

Feeling weak, he sat down on the bed. It took a few seconds, but the sick realization that they weren't going to make it punctured and sprayed his insides. He wanted Cleo and the life she promised. But it was impossible. He guessed he'd known it all along. He had no passport; he couldn't get out of the country.

But even if *that* could be fixed, if he could disappear, they'd know he was involved in the theft and hunt him all over the world. It was bad enough just having an almost forgotten record hanging around his neck, but being hunted was far worse. Much as he hated it, he knew what he had to do.

Minutes later, suitcase in hand, he stood in the dark shadows beside the apartment building. He watched a police car turn the corner and pull to the curb, blocking Cleo's car. He started walking toward the alley.

Even though the police had recovered Princess Janine and captured Cleo and Jim as a result of his phone call, Paul knew there might be an arrest warrant out for him. But they wouldn't look very long or hard, and he had no desire to stick around and testify against Cleo. Sometime, somewhere, he might find a place to settle down, but Crest City wasn't that place.

If he'd met Cleo before she got tangled up with Jim, things would have ended differently. They'd have made it together just fine.

"If," he told a scrawny tomcat prowling around a tipped-over garbage can, "is the biggest word they ever invented."



SATISFIED (!) READER

Your belles are bountiful, your stories are sensational, your titles are terrific, and your cartoons are colossal. In short, from issue to issue and from cover to cover, your magazine is a gas.

There's always a 38-26-34 around my pad, dad. And you'd better believe — it isn't my wife!

M.F./Chicago

HAPPY MALE

If Canada's as swinging as Marc Benson says it is, why are so many Canadians deserting their native soil and settling in the United States? In my opinion, an American male can round up all the kicks he can use without going to a foreign country.

No, I'm not a super-patriot or anything like that. Just a happy U. S. male who wouldn't think of going abroad to snag a broad!

A.G./San Francisco

IRMA'S HONORED

When they call the roll of the shapeliest damsels in the land, Irma Neilsen — the lead-off lovely in your last issue — just has to be tops on the list.

My cycle club has voted her "the gal we'd most like to have pressed against us while rolling our cycles."

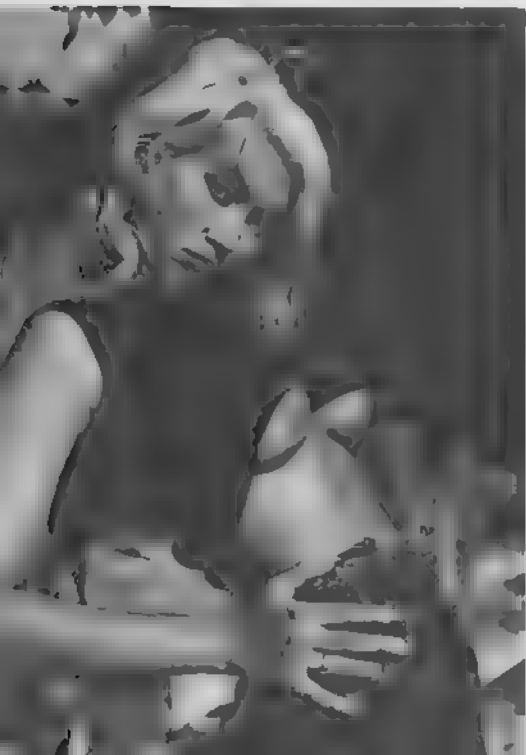
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Our postman needs the exercise, so direct your comments to: Editor, 38-26-34, 7311 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91605.

GOLDEN GAL AT THE OL' CORRAL



The old gray corral, she ain't what she used to be, and who can deny that the change from sweaty wrangler to a sweet saddle-star like Ginny Hansen is all for the better? We can't say when the change from cowpoke to cutie took place, but we're all in favor of it!







But don't let Ginny's curves fool you; she's an expert horsewoman, quite capable of riding a pony as expertly as the cowboys of yesteryear. She retains her equestrian skills by riding for an hour before breakfast every day of the year, weather permitting.







Ginny was born in the city (New York City, that is), but when she was still quite young, her father retired from his stock brokerage business and moved west with his family. He bought a small ranch in Arizona, and that's where his blonde daughter achieved her riding proficiency. By the time she was 10, Ginny was able to ride like the wind. Grown-up and dazzlingly pretty now, she's "the golden gal in the ol' corral"!







A million miles above the mundane, 38-26-34 explores the outer reaches of the entertainment whirl. Each story's a star, every article's an asteroid, the chuckles are comets, and the gals are a heavenly galaxy to brighten your entire evening. It's a stellar scene you won't want to miss. Just remember that the countdown is: 38-26-34!